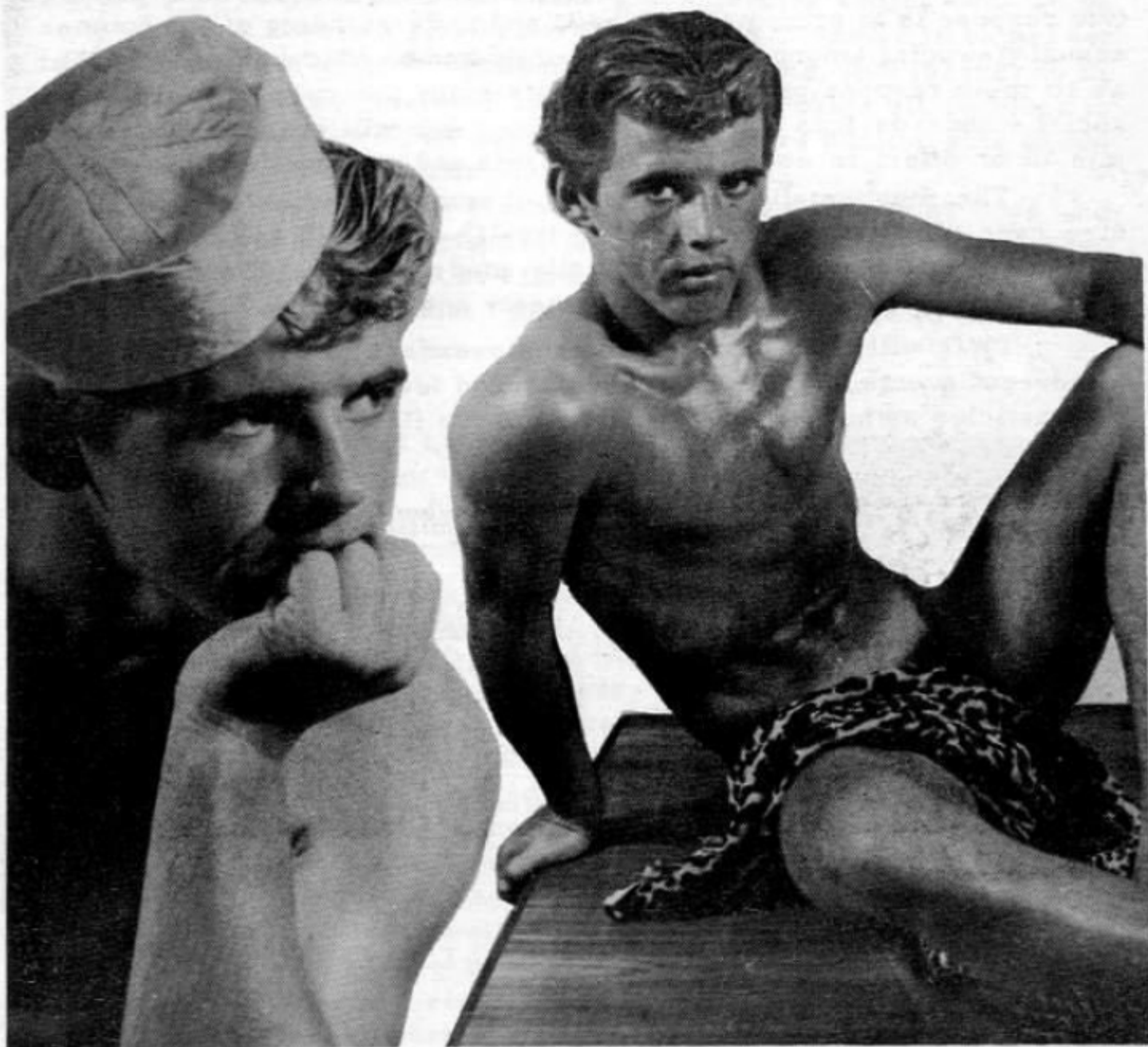


two

THE
HOMOSEXUAL
VIEWPOINT
IN CANADA

No. 3
75^c



The Guts of
The Wolfenden Report

What to do when
Arrested

The Varsity Sport
Nobody Reports

Cameo visits
Jami Durette

Drugs at the C.N.E.

The Upper Room



OUR AIMS AND POLICY

Our purpose is to promote knowledge and understanding of the homosexual viewpoint among the general public and to educate homosexuals as to their responsibilities as variants from the current moral and social standards. It is hoped to find others who will agree with us and join in an effort to establish these rights and responsibilities.

The much-maligned homosexual community has long been in dire need of a "voice" to speak for itself and offer some rebuttal to the irresponsible attacks periodically made upon it. We hope that TWO will serve this purpose with honesty and integrity.

TWO will strive to keep the homosexual community informed on current events of particular interest, and feature light reading and such articles as have some application to the field.

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T.V. TAILORED FOR HOMOSEXUALS ?

Since the star system developed in Hollywood, there has been a tendency for homosexuals to link these big names with the gay world sometimes with justification but, in many cases, it is purely wishful thinking. A second glance at the top TV shows this last year, however, might make one wonder if the programme planners are not, at least, latent homosexuals, or else, they are extremely aware of the homosexuals in their audience. How about that series where two handsome young men drive around the country in a dashing sports car? To be sure, there is always a girl in the plot..... but it seems to be her lot to be the point of friction between the two buddies, and forever to be left tear-stained and forlorn, as the two heroes drive off together in to the blue yonder. We just wish that the planners had the guts to add three more digits to the title.

Then, of course, there is the Western family of boys who struggle to keep up a huge ranch, and struggle even HARDER to keep each other from getting married. And only the other day, we heard Fred Flintstone wishing that "there was something else to marry instead of women."

DRAGS AT C.N.E.

NO! Stock cars are not being replaced with drag races, but the "girly" show, absent for the first time in years, did have an unofficial replacement..... female impersonators on the loose down the midway. The fabulous TONI SEVEN and the vivacious JAMI DURETTE made a spectacular appearance in evening-gowns cut in the latest fashion, accompanied by a CBC film crew. The film strips, unedited, were shown at the Music Room on the following week-end, and included shots of the two 'queens' driving down Yonge Street in an open convertible, as well as those catching them sweeping through the Prince's Gates in truly regal fashion. The sequences will be part of a special CBC production on homosexuality to be scheduled early in November.

The show will also include a segment of the Music Room floor show featuring the NOEL BARRI REVUE. Toni Seven caused a sensation in his now famous "Flag Gown", and should make a brief showing on the idiot box even if he hasn't yet made the big cinemascope silver screen. Have a look on page 25 for some candid shots taken at the CNE.



By MICHAEL HANLON

HOMOSEXUAL CLUBS WORRY METRO POLICE

WHO..US ?

Metro Toronto police are reported worried by the growing popularity of clubs for homosexuals in the city. There are at least four, all with thriving memberships, and police wish they could take action against them. But it appears behavior in them is quite proper and no charges can be laid. What worries the police is not the activities in the clubs—there are two on Yonge Street, one on Church Street and one near Yorkville—but the fact that they are gathering places for homosexuals and as such offer a chance for homosexuality to spread by introduction.

This small article appeared in the Globe and Mail some two days after it became obvious that the arrest of two young men in a private club was not going to be met with a plea of guilty. Since there was no other activity on the homosexual scene at this time, we assume that this was an attempt to assess public opinion and reaction regarding the clubs. The object, no doubt, was to solicit some sort of public outcry against these clubs and the homosexual community, so that a witch hunt could be conducted under the cloak of public indignation. No such outcry has been heard. Indeed, why should it? The fact that these clubs exist has been

stated on TV and written up in Maclean's Magazine, and discussed in the local press at length, to the point where they have exhausted the "sensation" value. The general public are well informed about the activities of these clubs, mainly because the members and managements of these establishments are willing to co-operate with the authorities and the news media, and to give them every assistance in reporting the facts. The facts are these: the homosexual clubs in the city of Toronto are some of the best organized, best disciplined, and the best decorated in the town. They are visited on various occasions by clergymen, lawyers, psychiatrists, newsmen, radio personalities and many others, to say nothing of the regular visits by metro police officers, on and off duty. None of these people are homosexual but have discovered that they have an enjoyable evening in a refined and well-mannered atmosphere.

While we appreciate the Globe and Mail's endorsement of the behaviour in the clubs not warranting any charges being laid, we do take exception to their statement that homosexuality can spread by introduction. There are statistics from various psychiatrists which show that exposure to a homosexual experience has no effect whatsoever on an otherwise heterosexual person. The method of operation of these clubs precludes the possibility of accidental introduction and anyone who does become a member does so with the full knowledge of the club's activities. This, however, does not prohibit heterosexuals from becoming members if they wish, and, indeed, there are many married couples who find the clubs to their liking and have no difficulty in mixing with the homosexual membership.

cameo

jami DURETTE.....WOW!



It was Sunday afternoon, around tea-time, when a knock was heard at your interviewer's door. Not really a knock.....more of a crash! bang! smash! trip! He's here! After one month of trying to get an interview with THE Mr. Jami Durette, I finally had to send one of my engraved invitations to supper because, where food is involved, so is our Jami. The door burst open and in "walked" Mr. Durette. "I'm here! How the F--- are ya, ya crazy thing... censored, censored, and censored! Where the F---'s the F-----g food?"

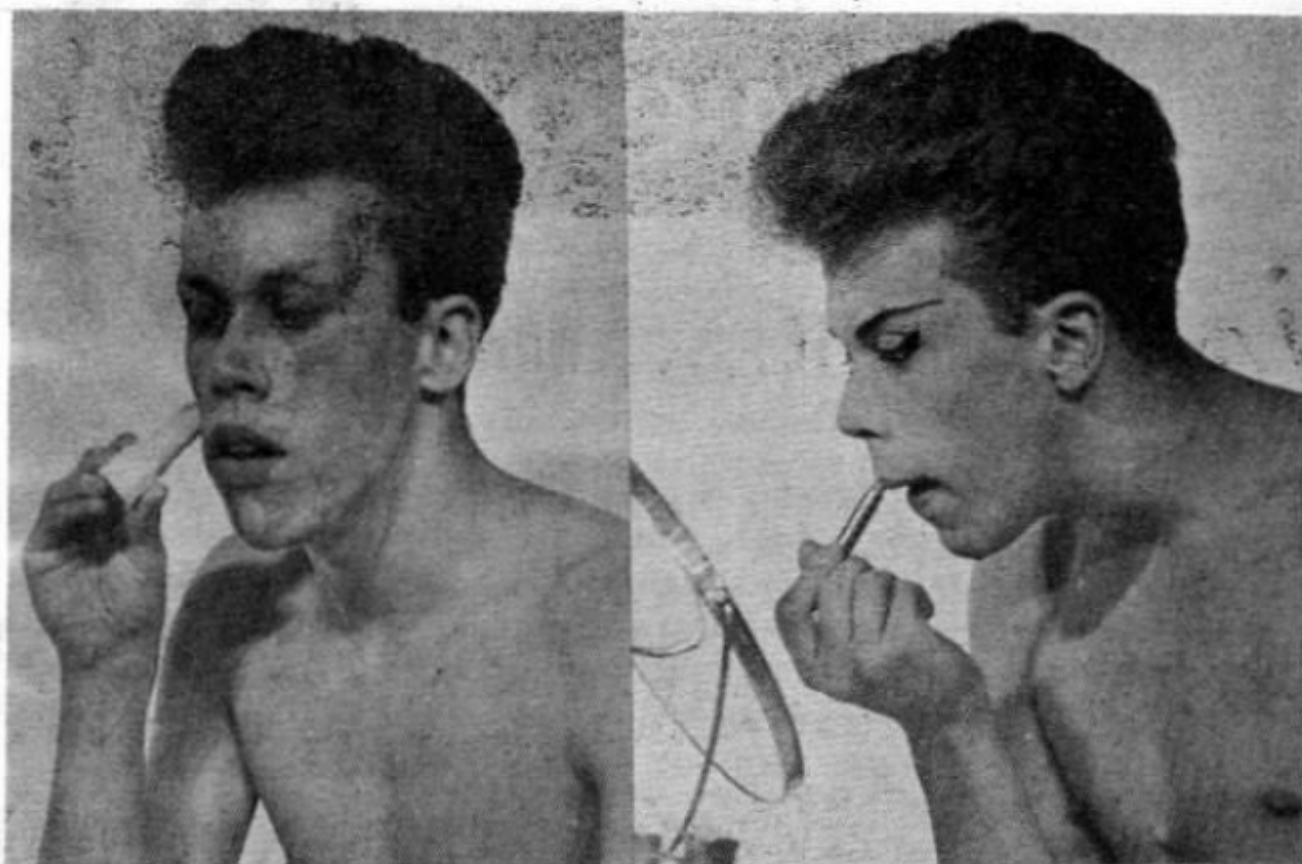
While still aghast, I sat Mr. Durette and his escort down to a very chic candle-lit supper, as Mr. Durette proceeded to regale and enlighten us with the sordid details of his rise to fame and fortune as a professional female impersonator. It was just not to be believed and to reproduce his exact words is utterly impossible, due to our strict Canadian censorship laws.

The start?... Well! it seems he was 14 years old living in our great Canadian northland, where they were holding a "Miss Ourtown" Pageant. On a dare, our Mr. Durette dressed to the nines as a female took first prize....that is, until the smart judges realized their mistake and, with faces red, insisted that he give it back. Incredible? Yes! Unbelievable? No! - not when you have once met Mr. Durette.

His rise to fame was slow. He did a bit of physique modelling for "skin" magazines where he was well received. With the advent of the shows at the clubs, he began the transition to a professional impersonator of females through the mime shows for which Toronto has become infamous. After this brief stint, it was off to the U. S. A. where he was a sensation ----- until the border police realized what was happening. Oh, well! Everyone should be deported once in his life.....which sums up Mr. Durette's outlook on life. Try anything once. If you like it, try it again, and again, and again... ad infinitum.

At the dinner table he went on to ex.... REALLY!!! Jami... some things just aren't spoken of at a chic supper party.

After the smart fling in the good ol' U. S. of A., our Jami again "graced" our fair city with his brash, overpowering presence. THE Jami Durette as one knows him to-day, began to emerge from



The expression "putting on the slap" may well have come from "Miss Durette's" dressing room. Slap on the makeup he most certainly does and in twenty minutes the change over is complete.

A base of pan stick, eye shadow and rouge, powdered down is accentuated with lip liner, eye liner, and eye brow pencil, The final touches of eyelashes and wig top off a truly remarkable "sex change"

Ingenious use of medical tape produces "cleavage" and allows Jami to wear the most daring plunging necklines which invariably are the clincher in convincing his audiences that he really IS a girl.

the darkened cocoon of lascivious delights. More care was taken with his appearance (at least in female clothes), the wig was meticulously set (any one that he could beg, borrow or steal), and dresses were strictly high fashion in fantastic materials (as should be, considering they were all owned by Toni Seven.)

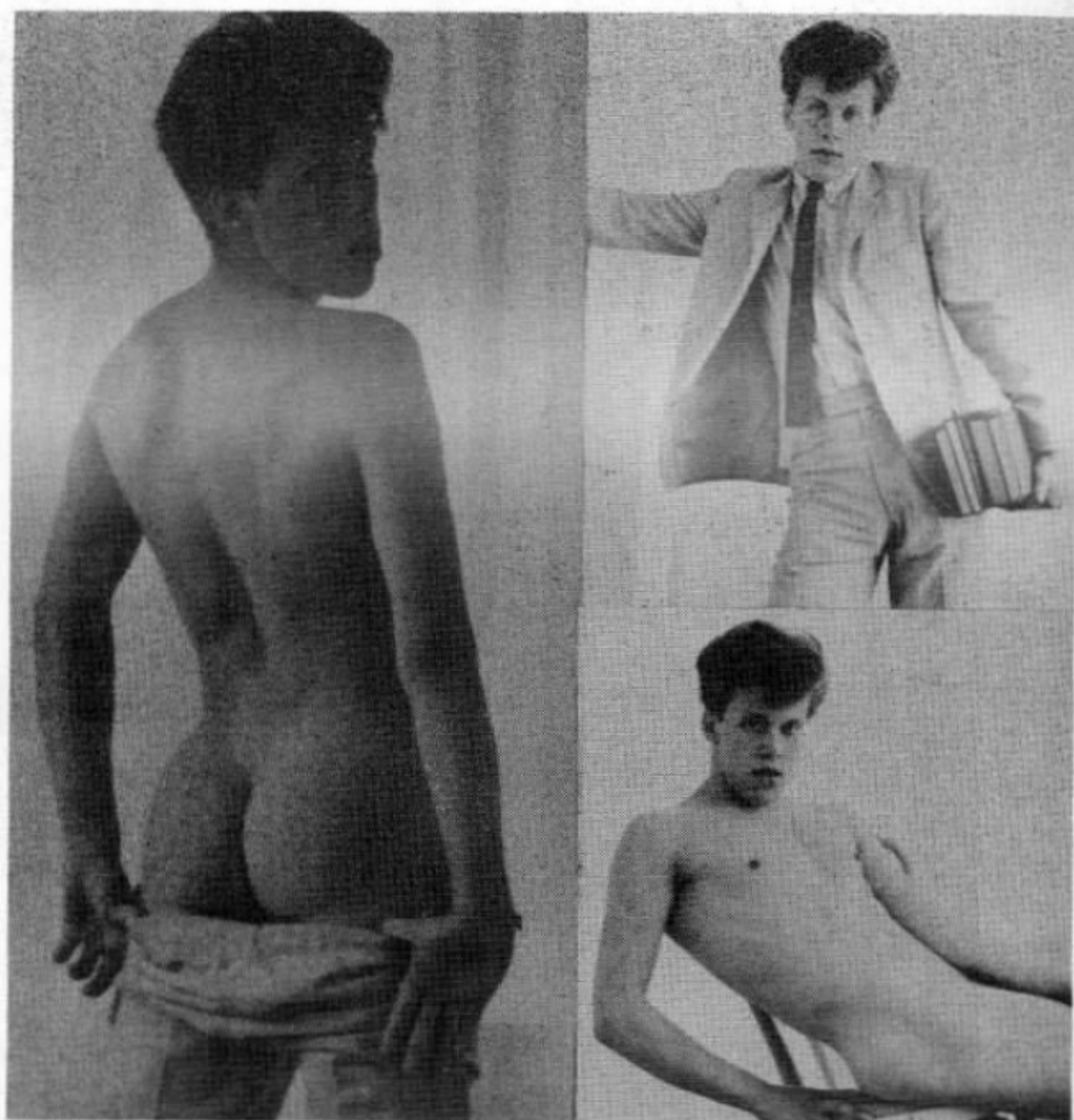
He now began to perform as one trying to please his audience with the flair of an amateur stripper trying to win the \$1000.00 prize. In fact, for a season a couple of summers ago, he toured with a carnival throughout Ontario, in the "girly-show", fooling the yokels with his act. He might still be performing to-day if it were not for another jealous "stripper" who not only revealed his sex, but also told the management that he was underage. That such a thriving career could



Jami "works the audience over " from the stage at the Melody Room.

be thwarted by a fate so cruel. But that is Jami's life, one crisis after another.

Again, Toronto was saddled with this delectable dish, where he made appearance after appearance, and gained the approval of the sophisticated Music Room and Melody Room audiences (and we all know how jaded they are.) Those who saw him develop his style were pleased that he was not remaining one-sided. His versatility was amazing. He now does comedy of the slap-stick variety or the slick type. His "straight" numbers tug at your heart-strings (a la Judy).



Jami, as he appeared recently in a national physique magazine

His sense of the stage is excellent considering lack of professional training and he has developed into an all-round performer.

Those who saw Jami Durette's farewell show to Toronto, can appreciate him all the moreso, where he ran the gammut of sexy strip numbers to the clever comedy of May and Nichols' "telephone routine". His speech at the close would put Garland to shame, and we ate it all up. He even toned down his language for our delicate ears, he was so choked up. He only said f---, once.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, so goes our Jami. - Now off to new places in American night-clubs, female impersonator revues, et al. Good Luck! Jami Durette. We all wish you the best and in your own words, the best we could wish you is a G--- ---K.

WRONG ROAD TO HAPPINESS

a new novel by EDMOND KAYE



My apprehension was great as we arrived home, but my grandmother had retired and my parents, possibly realizing my need for Tommy, did not appear to mind that it was quite late. Tommy had always looked after me and it was obvious to all that I worshiped him. I was sure that they were aware that my sudden transplant to my grandparents' home (kind as they all were) left a need for the affection that I was used to having. This need would not be filled easily.

As was to happen many times over, they had awakened and left for London before I got up. I was not to see any of them for some time, in fact, months. I had to make the best of being fussed over by doting aunts and attempt to make new friends at school.

On school mornings, it became a habit to watch from my window for Alec, timing my arrival so that we could walk the length of the village to-gether. He always got caught up in the activities and excitement of the older boys which, I suppose, must have made me somewhat of a nuisance to him. He didn't go out of his way to encourage me, but neither did he do anything to discourage me from tagging along. Soon I became an accepted addition to the crowd. Tommy was replaced in my dreams by Alec.

Later, in the spring, Alec rode his bike to school and since I didn't have one, he carried me on the cross-bar. It was not the most comfortable method of transport but because I was with Alec, it was fun. That first rush down the hill from the house was guaranteed to wake you up....especially since there were a number of pot-holes near the bottom which had to be negotiated with considerable skill to avoid being pitched "ass over tea-kettle", as Alec called it. He promised to teach me to ride his bike and, remembering now, it seemed the most challenging task I had ever attempted.

The opportunity for my first lesson came one evening when we went down to the river after dinner, as we usually did, just before the sun began to set. Alec and his pals usually went swimming in the deep part of the river just in front of the dam, but this evening there were none of the usual crowd, just a group of soldiers from the camp. Alec decided not to join them in the water, so we sat and watched their horseplay. When it was apparent that the gang was not going to arrive, we decided to go into the village. So as not to spend a wasted evening, Alec decided this was the time to teach me to ride the bike.

The track that ran along side of the river was not very wide; rather a spine-tingling place to try a wobbly solo. The bike was too big for me in the first place, however, perched astride the cross-bar and stretching my legs to the utmost, I managed to pedal not too badly. With Alec holding the seat and trotting along, I made remarkable progress. After two or three false starts, I soon discovered the secret of balancing on two wheels. The next step, getting up a little more speed, seemed to make things even easier.

By the time we got half way home, Alec was having trouble keeping up, puffing, very much out of breath. It seemed to me that I was doing very well. In fact, I wondered that Alec could keep up with such speed. Turning my head to look at him, I was surprised that he wasn't there. I had been "solo" for some two hundred yards at break-neck speed.

The shock of this discovery seemed to take away the magic of balancing, I panicked, and the next thing I knew I was on my way down the river bank heading for the water. Like a bucking bronco, the bike finally unseated me and, while it continued on into the river, I went tumbling head-over-heels down the bank, through the long grass and into the weeds. I heard Alec shouting so I knew he was not far behind. He came charging down the embankment to where the bike was half-submerged expecting, I suppose, to see me in the water with it.

I started to giggle, and he plodded through the long grass to where I lay sprawled. He, too, burst into fits of laughter. He reached out a hand to haul me to my feet, but collapsed alongside me, howling until tears were running down his cheeks.

After a while we had to stop laughing because of the pains in our stomachs and the lack of breath. I wasn't sure why I was laughing since I had picked up a few bumps and bruises on the way down. But our laughter had not quite run its course and on taking another look at my face, Alec was sent off into another fit of the giggles. I had a bump over one eye which could have turned black and blue had it not bled a little. I was covered in pollen from the weeds and last year's autumn leaves were stuck to my clothes. His laughter was infectious and soon I was set to laughing again, forgetting my hurt. It was some time before we remembered that the bike was still in the water and it was getting to be dusk.

After taking off our shoes and socks to wade into the water, we dragged the bike in, little worse for its dunking. As we sat down to put on our shoes again, I could feel the other bumps and scrapes making their presence felt. Mentioning to Alec that I would probably get into trouble when I arrived home for the mess of my face and clothes, he agreed. My grandmother tended to exaggerate the responsibility that my parents had placed on her with my care, and she and my aunts, forgetting the youth of my father, made such a fuss whenever I got into childish scrapes.

Alec laughed again, and went into an extreme pantomime of my Aunt Jenny who was always lavishing me with pity and attention. "What's the matter with my little darling?" he cooed, putting his arm around my shoulder and brushing the pollen off my face. "My what a big bruise you have. You just let Auntie kiss it all better now." He leaned forward and kissed the bruise over my eye. I thought his imitation was very funny, and I started to giggle, but was cut short when I realized that he had not joined in, but was staring at me in a most serious way.

We gazed at each other for a moment, in silence, I could feel a lump arising in my throat, and an expectancy that excited my body in a way that those moments with Tommy had not. Alec's face was close to mine and I was not able to focus on his eyes they were so near. Suddenly he leaned forward and rolled on top of me, pushing me back onto the grass. He kissed me again on the forehead, gently, then on the tip of my nose, and slipped down to kiss me on the mouth. His hands were over my ears, holding my head in a vice-like grip, and I could hear a pounding sound and nothing else. I did not realize that it was the pounding of my own blood, coursing through my veins as it had never done before, not even when we had almost been hit by the strafing from the airplane.

His hands began to tremble, and I knew without asking that we were doing something of which he was afraid. I also knew that, afraid or not, it was something which he wanted so much that he was willing to risk the threats that were involved. Threats which, to-day, even I have trouble understanding and remembering. As I lay there, he repeatedly kissed my neck, cheeks, and removed his hands to kiss my ear, which sent unimagined thrills through me. Almost, as if in a dream, I knew that it was something for which I had wished also, and had wanted for so long without just realizing what it was.

After some time he lay back, but kept looking straight at me, his eyes roving all over my face, but he said nothing. I longed to assure him, but words would not come. And I ached all the more for my inadequacy. How does one express emotions or feelings never before experienced?

At last he stood up, and hauled me to my feet, picked up the bicycle, and started up the embankment. At the top he guided the bike with one hand, and hugged me in the crook of the other while we made our way along the path to home.

On the way he cautioned me not to tell anyone what had taken place, and I knew that he was not referring to the lesson on the bike. This I would have to tell, because of my bumps, but the lump in my throat I need not tell, but guard its secret closely.

At the gate, he let his hand drop from my shoulder, and he squeezed the back of my neck, saying, "School to-morrow". He pedaled off down the road as if nothing had happened, while I went in.

CONT'D.

CHILDREN IN ART



The homosexual community is often criticized for its alleged preoccupation with youth. There are, of course, no figures to support such an allegation and, in fact, no evidence has been produced to show that homosexuals are any more preoccupied with youth than heterosexuals. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we announce the showing of a heterosexual artist's work in a homosexual private club. Mr Arnold Meyers' work includes landscapes but his forte is nudes of children both male and female. Mr. Meyers is also bent on the expression of movement in the human body and has written a thesis on this subject which was published recently. His studies are remarkable illustrations of his thesis. Mr Meyers' works have never before been exhibited but we feel confident of his success. The beauty and flow of his work is obvious even to the uninitiated and it is hoped that the unusual subject matter will in no way hinder public acceptance of this truly remarkable collection.

The exhibit will include selections from some two thousand sketches, oil paintings, and charcoal drawings. The Melody Room's upper floor and foyer will be used as an art gallery to show the works and will be open to the public at certain times. Those interested may contact TWO for further information.

THE GUTS OF THE **Wolfenden Report**

In Great Britain in 1954, a Committee was appointed by the Government to submit a report on the law and practice relating to homosexual offences and prostitution. In this critique, we have not taken the sections devoted to prostitution into consideration, as they have no direct bearing on the sections dealing with homosexuality.

The Committee, chaired by Sir John Wolfenden, Vice-Chancellor of Reading University, had fifteen members which included two judges of the High Court, three women, two Members of Parliament, two doctors, two lawyers and two ministers of religion.

The report of the Committee was presented in 1957, after sixty-two meetings, more than half of which were devoted to the oral examination of "witnesses". It was careful to point out that its terms of reference were concerned throughout with the "law", and offences against it. The emphasis was upon the avowed psychology of public opinion as expressed in law, rather than the psychopathology of the offender or the offence. Difficulties were encountered by the Committee regarding terminology: for example, was homosexuality a "disease" or was it not a "disease". It was necessary to make a clear distinction between "homosexuality" and "homosexual offences", and much other hair-splitting, leading to irrelevant speculations. It was noteworthy that there was not one psychoanalyst on the Committee, to find everything about it, particularly its "meaning", psychopathology, and etiology. These deliberations resulted in the resignation of two of the Committee's members and by the time the work of the remainder was examined, we came to the conclusion that ALL of them should have resigned.

This Committee, unaware of their own built-in biases and defence mechanisms, got into increasing difficulties. However, they did their best to integrate, explain, and make "recommendations" in connection with a phenomenon which they are, by nature of the unanalysed, civilization-indoctrinated mind, incapable of understanding.

To the credit of the Committee, the majority of its members emphasized paragraph 61, in which they stress the importance which society, and the law, should give to individual freedom of choice and action in matters of private morality. The most revolutionary and as a result, most "controversial", of their "recommendations" was that "homosexual behaviour between consenting adults, in private, be no longer a criminal offence".

Other less spectacular recommendations included one which urges that the prosecution of any homosexual offence more than twelve months old be barred by statute, but this is watered down by the qualification: "except for the indecent assaults". Another provides that no proceedings should be taken in respect of any homosexual act committed in private by a person under twenty-one except by the Director of Public Prosecutions, or with the sanction of the Attorney General. Yet another suggests that the term "brothel" include premises used for homosexual practices.

The only other recommendation which seemed to deserve any attention is the one revising the maximum penalty in respect to buggery, gross indecency, and indecent assaults. For instance: "Gross indecency committed by a man over twenty-one with a person between 16 and 21, in circumstances not amounting to indecent assault." the already fantastic severity of the punishment was increased to five years imprisonment.

It was discovered by the Committee (to their great surprise, we feel sure) that homosexuality is not an "all or none condition.... that all gradations can exist from the exclusive homosexual to the exclusive heterosexual." They add that there is evidence that in exclusive heterosexuals there may be transient and minor homosexual inclinations, as, for instance, in adolescence. It is well known that some persons reach "adolescence" late in life, but the Committee was apparently too nervous or too weak to demand an alteration in the existing criminal law, which would send an unfortunate victim of one of the "transient and minor homosexual inclinations" to a long term in prison. As this Committee reported that it could find not one doctor who could produce, as evidence, one "cured" case of complete homosexuality, or that there does not appear to be evidence that homosexuality causes decay of civilization, or could cause Britain to degenerate or decay, this is all the more dreadful.

It is astonishing, in view of the time and money spent, and the material collected by the Committee, that its conclusions and recommendations should be so inadequate and, in most cases, unsympathetic even savage. This might have been because not one psychoanalyst was on the Committee to enable them to see clearly, and that few, if any, truly representative homosexuals appeared to give evidence. It did, however, have the courage to blatantly say that though the maximum

penalty for seduction of an immature female (under sixteen) is no more than two years imprisonment, the equivilant act with a boy under sixteen is imprisonment for life. This, in spite of the fact that they state that they have found no evidence for the popular police view that seduction in youth produces homosexuality. At the same time, it does bring out and debunk the popular illusion that treatment is some thing which can take place in prisons.

No doubt there is something to be learned from the Report of the Wolfenden Committee, particularly if, like most of the members of the Committee, one knows nothing about homosexuality to start with. Out of the lengthy Report comes the following eighteen notable items:

- 1.) That homosexual behaviour between consenting adults, in private, be no longer a criminal offence (paragraph 62).
- 2.) That questions relating to "consent" and "in private" be decided by the same criteria as apply in the case if heterosexual acts between adults (paragraphs 63, 64).
- 3.) That the age of "adulthood" for the purposes of the proposed change in the law be fixed at twenty-one (paragraph 71).
(As mentioned, there was a lot of discussion about this as the age of consent in heterosexual intercourse is sixteen, but finally twenty-one was decided upon.)
- 4.) That no proceedings be taken in respect of any homosexual act (other than an indecent assault) committed in private by a person under twenty-one, except by the Director of Public Prosecutions, or with the sanction of the Attorney-General (paragraph 72).
- 5.) That the law relating to living on the earnings of prostitution be applied to the earnings of male, as well as female, prostitution (paragraph 76).
(It is doubtful whether any person, female or male, is really in the position of "slave-labour" imagined by some members of the public.)
- 6.) That the law be amended, if necessary, so as to make it explicit that the term "brothel" includes premises used for homosexual practices (paragraph 76).
- 7.) That there be introduced revised maximum penalties in respect of buggery, gross indecency and indecent assaults (para's 90, 91).
- 8.) That buggery be re-classified as a misdemeanor (paragraph 94).
(This was not to diminish the offence; on the contrary, the penalties for buggery exceed those of any other form of homosexual act, starting with life imprisonment if with a boy under the age of sixteen, and

five years' imprisonment for a boy above the age sixteen, but below the age of twenty-one (in circumstances not amounting to indecent assault - which carries ten years). This five-year imprisonment penalty is an increase recommended by the Committee on the present law. It seems incongruous, as there is no penalty whatsoever for the equivilant heterosexual act with a consenting female of this age.)

9.) That except for some grave reason, proceedings be not instituted in respect of homosexual offences incidentally revealed in the course of investigating allegations of blackmail (paragraph 112).

10.) That Section 29 (3) of the Larceny Act, 1916, be extended so as to apply to all homosexual offences (paragraph 113).

11.) That the offence of gross indecency between male persons be made triable summarily with the consent of the accused (paragraph 114).

12.) That male persons charged with importuning for immoral purposes be entitled to claim trial by jury (paragraph 123).

13.) That except for indecent assaults, the prosecution of any homosexual offence more than twelve months old be barred by statute (paragraph 135).

14.) That subject to any necessary special safeguards, managers and headmasters of approved schools be allowed the same measure of discretion in dealing with homosexual behaviour between inmates as that enjoyed by those responsible for the management of any other educational establishment (paragraph 147).

15.) That the organization, establishment and conditions of service of the prison medical service be reviewed (paragraph 180).

16.) That a court by which a person under twenty-one is found guilty of a homosexual offence be required to obtain and consider a psychiatric report before passing sentence (paragraph 187).

17.) That prisoners desirous of having estrogen treatments be permitted to do so if the prison medical officer considers that this would be beneficial (paragraph 211).

18.) That research be instituted into the ætiology of homosexuality and the effects of various forms of treatment (paragraph 216).

It has struck more than one critic that had the Wolfenden Committee read Freud, they might have saved themselves three years of perplexity and trouble and the nation \$24,000.00... and what is, of course more important than any of this, arrived at a more enlightened conclusion.

One last comment. The Report opens with the announcement "We were appointed on the 24th of August, 1954", and having read the Report, we are inclined to remark that they did not mention whether it was A.D. or B.C. -- it certainly was before psychology and psychoanalysis had been dreamed of, at any rate, by them.

What to do when arrested

or

What now my love?



As in most democratic countries, the Canadian system of justice presumes you to be innocent until proven guilty. However, there are many aspects and technicalities regarding the law which are fraught with danger for those ignorant of the facts and of their rights.

Presuming that you have been placed under arrest on a charge of a sex-oriented nature, you can expect the following procedure.... Questioning, Booking, Bail Procedure, and Appearance in Court.

When you are advised by a police officer that you are under arrest, do not resist in any way. If you do, you will leave yourself open to further charges.

Depending on the integrity and the moral stature of the arresting officer, you will be subjected to either correct questioning or a downright harangue of smutty insinuations. In either case, there is a limit to what you must answer. You could be questioned right on the spot, in a police car, or at the station. You will be obliged to give your name, and it is advisable to give your correct name since other procedures make it virtually impossible for friends or lawyers to bail you out.

You are not required by law to give your correct address, and in many cases, it is advisable to give an address where you can be contacted but not the one where you reside. This eliminates the possibility of police questioning neighbours or an embarrassing leakage to a sensation-seeking newspaper.

While the majority of police departments are run in a most responsible manner, there are also on record a number of unfortunate instances of flagrant disregard of peoples' rights. For example, on a recent "gross indecency" case in Hull, Quebec, the judge found it necessary to criticize the Chief of Police for having called a press conference to announce the issuing of a summons before the summons had been served. Judge Labelle said that the chief had no business calling press conferences, but nevertheless, he had.

You are not required to give your place of employment although, undoubtedly, you will be asked. There is no reason in the world for giving the police this information, and refusal to do so cannot be construed as obstruction or refusing to co-operate. There have been many cases where employers have become miraculously aware that one of their employees has been arrested, and haven't waited for the results of a trial before firing them.

There is one exception:- should you be arrested while in possession of an automobile, you are required by the Highway Traffic Act to give your correct name and address, or be liable to an additional charge.

When you are accused of the crime for which you have been arrested you should always reply that you are not guilty of any crime. Give your legal name and refuse to answer further questions. Request permission to contact your lawyer, and remember that anything that you tell the police can be used later in evidence against you which could complicate your lawyer's defence of the case. If you have no lawyer with whom you have previously dealt, request permission to call a member of the family or a close friend. It is against the law for the police to hold you without allowing this contact to be made, however, many delaying tactics can be used, again depending on the integrity of the police officer.

It is always advisable to make sure that you have either the name or number of the officers with whom you may come in contact during questioning.

You will hear many stories of police brutality with the object of forcing suspects to sign confessions. In a recent investigation by the Royal Commission into police brutality, not one of the cases put forward was proven. Also, in a recent case of arrest for gross indecency in Toronto, the two men concerned were not subjected to any such brutality, although they both protested deliberate attempts at humiliation by the arresting officers during the time that they were being officially questioned.

Subsequent to being booked, you will be finger-printed and possibly photographed. Should the charge eventually be dropped, or should you be acquitted, then these items should be removed by the police from their files.

Bail is set by a magistrate and there is one on duty even in the early hours of the morning although you may have to wait several hours for him to make his rounds. Once the bail has been set, you can be released as soon as yourself or a friend can arrange deposit of the set amount at the police station. Cheques are not acceptable, only cash or real estate. Once the bail has been paid, you are free to go until the time set for your appearance in court. Failure to

appear at that time will mean the loss of the bail money, and the issuing of a warrant for your arrest.

Your first appearance in court will be within 24 hours of your arrest in most cases. At this time, the charge will be read and if you do not understand the charge, ask the magistrate to explain it to you specifically. Plead "not guilty" and ask for a remand.

If you have been able to contact your lawyer and he is in court he will do these things for you. If you are unable to afford a lawyer, ask for help from the local Legal Aid Counsellors.

A recent issue of the Citizens' News in California advised its readers if ever arrested, to "Keep your mouth shut!", and it further cautions that "regardless of how innocent you may be, it will cost you \$500.00 to prove it."

Just recently, in Toronto, the Grand Jury returned a verdict of "no bill" in a case where two men were charged with gross indecency. In the next issue of TWO, we will cover the arrest and subsequent court appearances of these two men, as we feel that this case has an important lesson for everyone.

Our last comment applies, perhaps, to the community as a whole, rather than to the homosexual segment.

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especially if he's
cute.

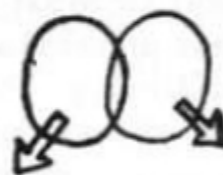
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THE VARSITY SPORT NOBODY REPORTS

OO



It is a crisp fall night; there is a hunter's moon over Philosopher's Walk. The hunter in his blind lights one more cigarette, letting the match burn down between his stiffening fingers. But at the sound of footsteps along the concrete path he snatches it from his mouth and drops it into the grass while he inspects the game. The quarry is striding briskly up the walk, hands deep in the pockets of his U of T jacket, oblivious of the watcher in the shadows, whistling tunelessly through his teeth. He looks up alerted but not alarmed as the hunter, a fresh cigarette between his lips, drifts to intercept him.

"Excuse me. Have you got a light?"

"Yeah, sure."

The voice is friendly; the knot loosens a little in the hunter's gut as he guides the boy's hand to the cigarette, his touch lingering just too long in timid insinuation.

"Colder'n a bitch, ain't it?" he ventures.

"It sure is. I was just going up to the Embassy."

"Say! So was I. C'mon, I'll buy you a beer."

"Why, I'd be delighted."

The tone is wrong, taut, mocking. The hunter freezes, hollow in the belly, dry in the mouth, taking in the bright malice of his pick-up's glance, the rapid foot-falls behind them, during the slow second of awareness, of transformation from hunter to hunted. Too late he tries to run, but his "quarry" trips him and they are all upon him before he can scramble up, four or five of them, he can't tell how many with his arms flung desperately over his face. They bunt him down the slope with knees and feet, giggling nervously, until they see the blood, and then they run, leaving him weeping and retching in the dark beneath the bushes, not really hurt - the blood is from his nose - and wondering what hit him.

What hit our sad young friend is one of those fine old ivy-covered traditions that make a university so much more than a degree-mill in the hearts of its alumni. He has participated, albeit unwittingly, in what is fondly known as a Faggot-stomp.

Using a decoy is but one of many variations on the central theme of terrorizing a homosexual. Sometimes, more crudely, boys in residence simply pour out in response to shouted alarms and pursue a queer who has attempted to solicit one of them from the street. Purists consider this akin to kicking a ball aimlessly around a field, and would object vociferously to its being classed as "sport". It clearly lacks the elements of suspense, of careful planning, of masterful feinting, contained in the example above. Perhaps the ultimate refinement is for the Homo-hunter to have himself picked up downtown and stood to a few drinks. He then invites his new friend home to his room where he rouses his friends, who set on the mark as soon, of course, as he has paid the taxi. This is not whoring, you see, because the Homo-hunter doesn't come across in the end.

It is all very well to describe technique, suspense, etc., but the subtle observer of the sports scene will recognize that the appeal of a given sport may lie in less obvious qualities that more closely touch the heart. And Faggot-stomping not only touches the heart of the player but digs up some little purple horrors in his libido as well. After all, children, we have read Kinsey or have at least a snickering acquaintance with the statistics. We know that the majority of college men (those who were not raised on dairy farms) have engaged in random or not so random homosexual contacts, from masturbation demonstrations at the age of eleven to prolonged affairs. And perhaps they have nervously botched their single or several attempts at mixed sex. That is, perhaps our college man has reason to suspect that he himself is not a simon-pure heterosexual. His anxiety is aggravated by the casual conquests, the quiet authority, the total assurance of all his friends, which he is quick to imitate well enough to fool them as thoroughly as they fool him.

It is this context of insecurity and lonely self-doubt that the depth of the participant's emotional involvement must be considered. He convinces himself that if he jeers at fairies and scorns and hates them, if he hits and kicks and tramples them, he can't be one, can he?

We are aware of a school of thought that denies there is any distinction between amateur gangs beating up homosexuals in Toronto in the sixties and their beating up Afroamericans in Mississippi or Jews in Germany in the thirties. They claim targets are chosen predominately because they are outside the law and cultural sanctions against their victimization are weak or non-existent. The attackers are motivated solely by an indiscriminate thirst for violence, and prudence alone dictates their choice of victims. We reject this ugly view of human nature as simplistic and anti-social. Those in touch with this generation understand that the Homo-balter is trampling temptation or defending his homosexual virginity, loss of which is still considered a fate worse than death.

By this time, many questions have undoubtedly occurred to those readers who have survived the esoterica above. Who are the Faggot-stompers? Where can I join? Do I get credits? Why have I not heard of them before?

The first question is the easiest. They are Medsmen, Artsmen, Engineers and Journalists; Christians, atheists and Jews; Conservatives, Liberals and liberals. They are people who sit through Lord of the Flies identifying with Ralph. However, because of the necessity for spontaneous action, for "hunting where the ducks are", residences and frats are the natural organizational centres.

Explaining the relative obscurity of this great tradition is another matter. The facts will shock you. Despite the colour and action, the intense emotional involvement of the players, the many illustrious alumni who remember fondly their experiences in the field, there is no equipment provided by the university, no coaching, no freshmen credits, no bleachers, not even, not even, instruction manuals in the library. In the last decade, while hundreds of thousands have been lavished on pools and playing fields for other sports, total expenditures on Faggot-stomping were \$1.19 (includes tax).

Two possible flaws in the sport itself suggest themselves (although the need for improvement does

not excuse the university for gross malfeasance). First, the money-raising possibilities of ticket sales are limited by the bad lighting conditions of Letro's, the Quad, and Philosopher's Walk. And secondly, suspense is weakened by the present disparity in the strength of the teams. As this goes to press the series score is Latents 23 - Overts 0.

The Gargoyle sports department stands ready to spearhead a reform movement to bring this past-time the kind of attention it so richly deserves.

By Heather Dean

The preceeding article by Miss Dean is reprinted by kind permission of the GARGOYLE Magazine, printed by the student body of University College, at the University of Toronto. GARGOYLE proclaims itself to be "a journal of opinion".

May we congratulate Miss Dean for a penetrating article. We assume that she is studying psychology, and if she isn't, she should be. We would also like to congratulate the GARGOYLE for having the courage to carry an article which hints, may it be ever so gently, at the latent homosexuality of some of its group. It is refreshing to know that there are still people capable of looking at life without bias, and able to record it as they see it, without fear of condemnation. It is even more encouraging that these people are the next generation of professional men and women, and we can only hope that they will not lose the clear vision and courage of youth in the coming "rat race" of off-campus life. We further hope that those with vision and without bias, outnumber those engaged in the "sport" covered by the article.

The University has been under sporadic attack by a certain sensation-seeking tabloid, recently, as a "hotbed of homosexuality". Should the editor of this specific weekly happen to read the above article, we feel sure he would be inspired to print a further diatribe, completely devoid of facts or reason. Surely it is to be expected that in a student body of some thousands there must be some homosexuals. How much of a "hotbed" it is may be judged by a recent conversation had with a freshman; a confirmed but circumspect homosexual for many years, he had been misinformed as to the level of homosexual activity on campus and was actually dreading his debut into such circles. After a few days he was much relieved to discover that he had been unable to spot another homosexual.

Perhaps he wasn't as observant as he might have been, as we know of many homosexuals on staff and in the student body, where, fortunately, they don't conduct themselves in a manner detrimental to their work or studies.

Our parting comment to Miss Dean might be to suggest she do some research into the number of U of T students using Philosophers Walk to pay the rent and their tuition fees. We would be interested in her findings for our magazine.

very much out.... and about.



by PETER ALANN

The steep, barren staircase is an unlikely entrance to a place so warm and vital. Once the red and gold door is passed, the world of Yonge Street swiftly fades from memory. Rich wine drapes with the flocked wallpaper, plush red wall-seats and the textured white ceiling all combine to relax the visitor into an easy mood of gaiety.

The M-R, as it was fondly known until the Melody Room introduced an element of confusion into the initials, seems to have the easiest "take-off" of any gay club in town. Three or four couples can "launch it into orbit" for a lively evening. So intimate and unintimidating is its rich decor, that even a lone couple on the dance floor need feel no embarrassment. Yet the floor is large enough for two lively lines of the "chicken-scratch".

Sociable mixing is easy at the Music Room; it is small and bright enough for a friendly smile to be visible across the room. The wall-seats make it possible to sit strategically near someone, while working up the courage to propose a dance, without actually walking up to the table. Those who choose to devote themselves to each other without unwelcome interruption, may do so in the alcove corner just off the stage.

But not for long! Sweet, sentimental music is replaced by rhythmic rock-n-roll, and the room bursts into excited activity. Waltz, charleston and polka rouse the dancers to a near-feverish pitch, only to be soothed by a gentle love-song.

Music is the life-blood of the Music Room, whose textured walls and ceiling absorb the raucous sounds and mellow even the noisiest "twist". No dance hall echoes here! A built-in disc-jockey's booth is fully equipped for records or tapes. (It also doubles as an observation post for the supervision of the dance floor.)

Lest our readers conclude that the writer has mistaken the Music Room for paradise, we shall temper our praise with some criticism. The Music Room's most obvious fault is not in its design,

but in the clique of "habitués" who too frequently behave as if the club was their very own.

True, this is a private club, devoted to its members' entertainment, but the less regular visitor does not always find the antics of some screaming queens too entertaining! Since none are without sin, no stones shall be thrown, but recent efforts by the club leadership to raise the general level of deportment, on and off the dance floor, should be cheerfully encouraged. The very survival of the clubs may be at stake, but even if it were not, none of us will suffer too much by being asked to behave, more or less, as we would in any respectable company of friends.

In this connection, the easing of the "no-drag" rule for the benefit of the "show-girls" on the dance floor, is a step in the wrong direction. "No drag on the dance floor" should mean just that, for everyone.

While in a critical mood, one would mention that the shows in the gay clubs are a far cry from those which originally started in the Music Room. The M-R has always been the innovator. The first of the now-standard shows were started by club members displaying their talents; unplanned, spur-of-the-moment shows. Gone now, are the days of mime in suits with fun-props of fans, hankies and funny hats. Now it must be full drag or nothing, it seems. Since we are not doing a critique on the quality of the shows (in another issue), we would only mention that the current shows feature live acts mixed well with mime. Sara, herself, stunned everyone with her voice in the Legal Fund Benefit performance. Few of us even guessed at such hidden talent. Surely there must be more gay people in and about Toronto with talent and experience, to grace the stage at the Music Room. Drag is the order of the day, unfortunately, but why? Some of our best "butch" numbers who were doing fine in their own suits have now succumbed to the fashion of going "drag".

Return visits to the club by the professionals who received their start at the M-R, are quite regular. Alberta-honey, George, and Alvin, now known as the Noel Barri Revue, visit from Hamilton often. Muri and Roy (Toni Seven and Jami Durette) appear regularly between professional stints and many other pro's have adorned the stage at the Music Room.

As often as something might upset you, be it broken romance, boredom, et al; everyone keeps going to the Music Room. It grows on you, and even the police would agree that it is a much healthier, happier and safer place than on the streets or in the parks.

Yes! some kids even bring their parents to see the M-R. I've never hesitated to take "straight" friends and relatives and they have enjoyed themselves, too. It's a rare night that doesn't find at least one straight couple on the dance floor. And why not? Everyone knows that you can be sure of having a GAY time at the Music Room.



DRAGS AT THE C.N.E.

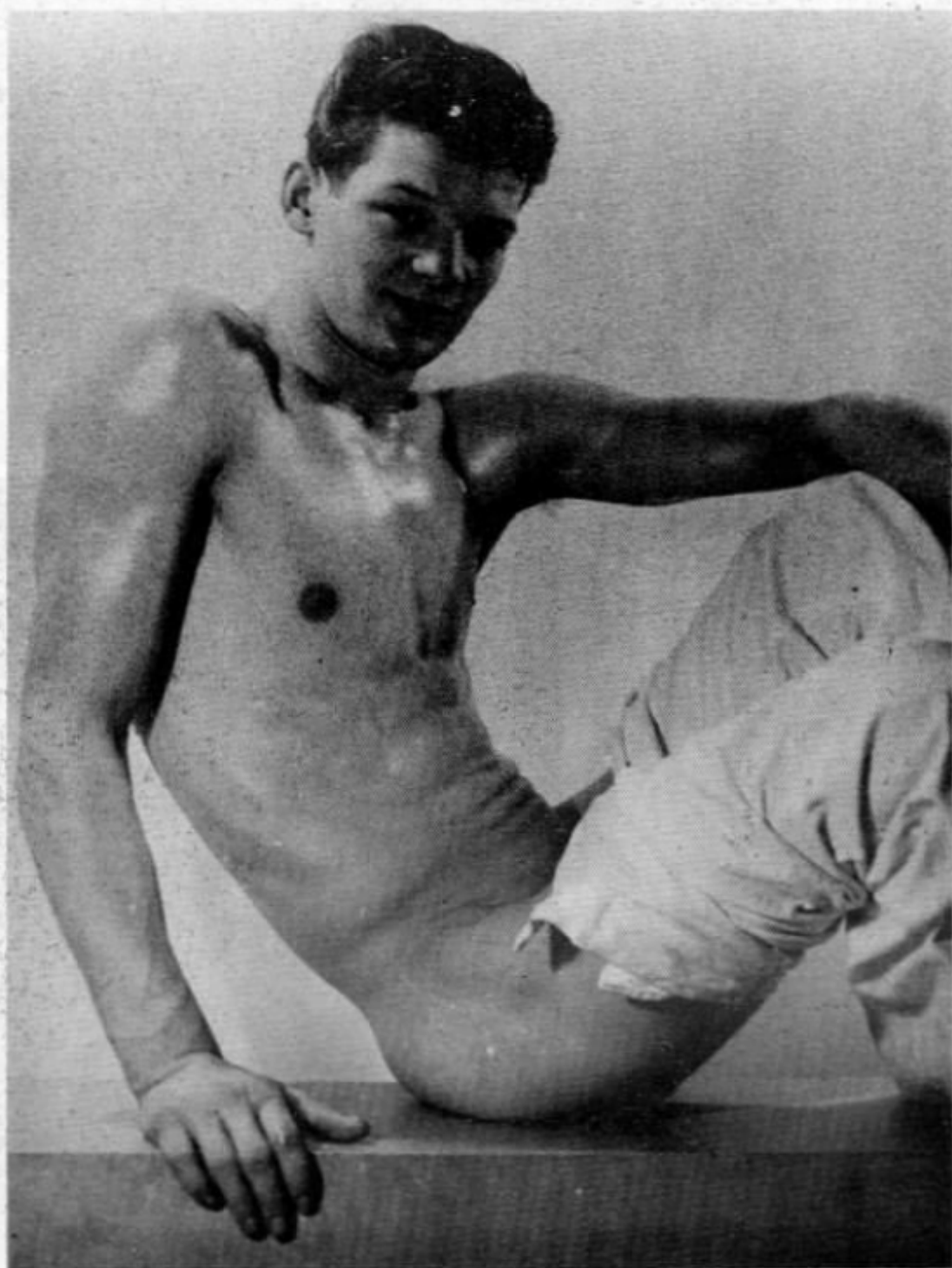


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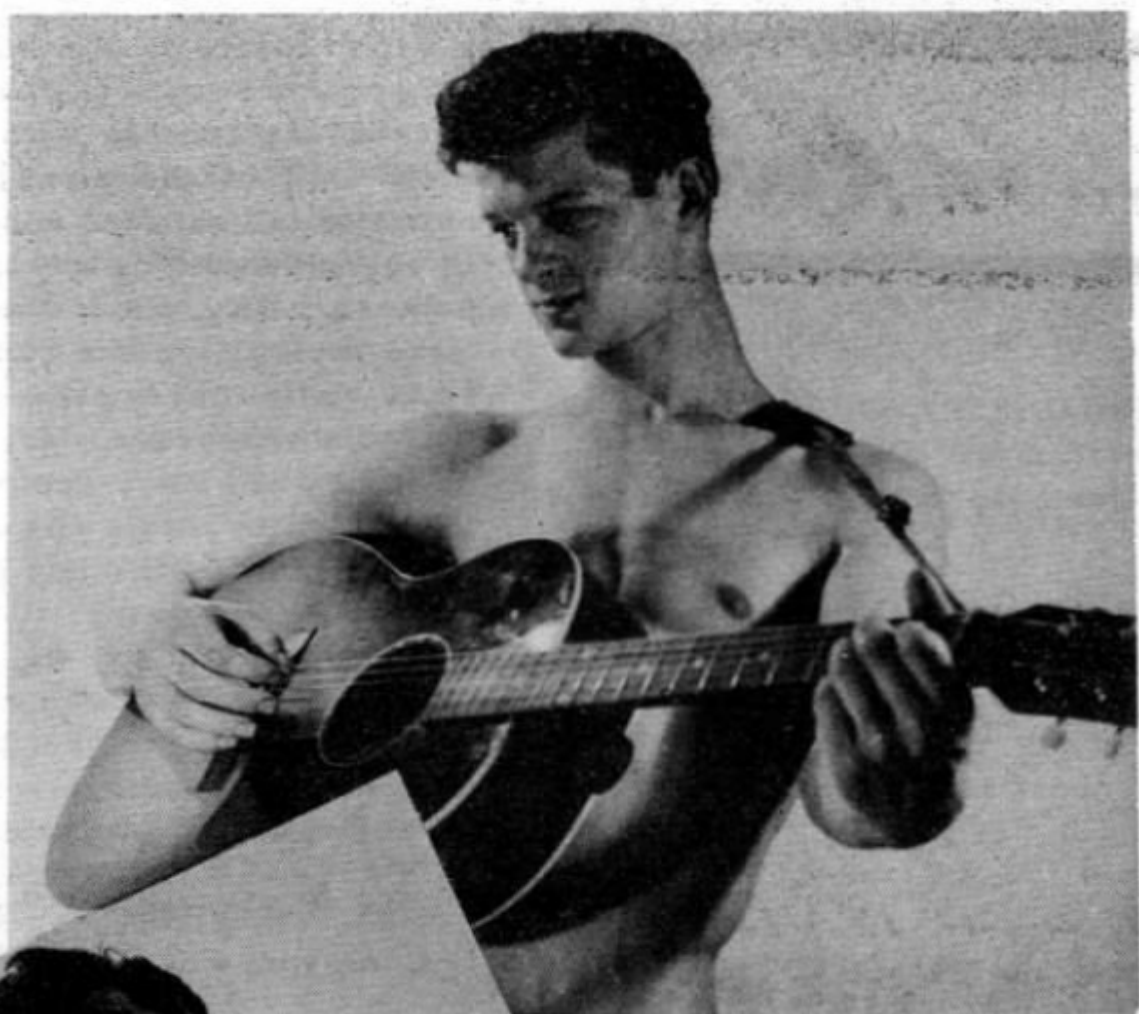




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... in Review.

FAMILY FAVOURITES:-

written by: Alfred Duggan.

(Pantheon Books, New York, 1960)

This fascinating book is subtitled, "A novel of a most unusual often outrageous, emperor," and this it certainly is. The Roman Emperor, Elagabalus, ascended the Imperial Throne when he was just 15, and was murdered three years later. As depicted in this book, he was possessed of fabulous personal beauty, and was created Emperor by the army, largely on this basis. Most of the governing was done in his name by his mother and grandmother, while he surrounded himself with a retinue of handsome stable-boys and other favourites, whose position he did not trouble to disguise. He was outstandingly gentle and well-intentioned and refused willingly to hurt anyone, at a time when torture and murder were every-day occurrences. The author makes him a very agreeable character.

The story is told through the eyes of an old member of the Emperor's personal body-guard. The author is obviously intrigued by his subject and you can almost see the twinkle in his eye as he

writes parts of the book. The Emperor's sexual tastes and excesses are treated with a complete lack of the puritanical undertones, so often encountered in books containing any amount of homosexuality, as if the authors were trying to make quite clear, that while they write about it, they don't approve. Mr. Duggan, on the contrary, seems rather fascinated by this aspect of the Emperor's life. He has produced a novel which seems, to this reviewer, to be true to the spirit of the times about which he is writing, which has genuine flashes of humour, and which is written in an archaic, but pleasantly readable style.

FAMILY FAVOURITES is highly recommended on all counts.



'What d'ye mean, we can't come in till 'he puts on a tie'? HE happens to be my wife!'

THE UPPER ROOM

by: PETER ALANN

Here is a room where mankind meets
To shed the chains that drag us down;
A room, where music warmly greets
We exiles from religion's frown.

We greet the warm red glow of light
When up the dingy stairs we climb -
As sperm goes thrashing up the tight
And fertile chamber, ent'ring time.

We join gay figures moving slow
Across the polished dancing space
The, quicker pacing, bend and bow,
To wilder music's hectic race.

Outside the room, a world of hate
That spits upon our love of man,
But here inside our friendly gate -
A garden, safe for banished clan.

Yet Eden here and world outside
In mortal conflict soon must strain
When music dies and lights subside,
The gay and straight must mix again.

Prometheus, bound upon his rock -
Our Saviour, nailed athwart His cross;
Their crime, the truth they dared unlock.
We taste their anguish, share their loss.

I see an ancient Upper Room
Where men await their Lover's fate,
A cup upraised in glory's boon
Then crushed to earth, in street-mobbed hate.

He had no grudge, and none have we.
The world is large enough for love
Of many kinds. So let us be.
We too shall have our Room above.

Based on Mr. Alann's impressions of the Music Room (see page 23)
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grapes from the vine

WASH. D.C.: CIVIL RIGHTS FOR ALL!! EVEN HOMOSEXUALS?

The Citizens' News carries an open letter to "Dear Mr. Johnson" in its latest issue. The letter claims that there are 18,000,000 American citizens who still do not have civil rights and they invite Mr. Johnson to do something about it. Considering the recent Jenkins case, what more could he justly do?

CALIFORNIA:- AMERICA'S FIRST GAY THEATRE GOES BUST!

In spite of predictions by the owners that they would soon open theatres in every major city in America to feature homosexual plays, films, and reviews, the Haight Theatre is now closed. A great many veiled allegations about bad cheques and a great deal of pressure from local busy-bodies seemed to be the cause of closing some four days after the opening.

HOLLYWOOD:- DR. BEN CASEY TO THE RESCUE! (SWOON)

Police in Hollywood have taken to clearing the "Boulevard" of strollers, unless they have a legitimate reason for being there. The reason that you are simply "taking a walk" apparently is unacceptable. To teach one young man who was boss, two police officers picked him up and drove him some miles into the Hollywood Hills for "questioning". (Sounds vaguely like Cherry Beach in Toronto....doesn't it?) They then left the young man to walk back. This incident happened close to the home of actor, Vince Edwards, who observed the rude treatment of the officers. Mr. Edwards called the police station and a second car was sent to investigate. These officers were even less sympathetic, and refused to return the boy to the Boulevard. "Dr. Casey" drove the lad to the local office of the American Civil Liberties Union, and in short order a case was proceeding against the police. Perhaps this will serve as a reminder to other officers to show proper respect for the citizens who pay their salaries.

NEW YORK:- THE ALMIGHTY GAY DOLLAR - \$49,236,000,000.00

Forty-nine billion, two hundred and thirty-six million dollars is what the homosexual will spend this year in the United States. Homosexual taste demands a high quality and good design and therefore an awareness of this buying power of the homosexual is almost essential to the intelligent advertiser. So much so that a new password is now in use on Madison Avenue.....TRADE GAY.

OSHAWA, Ontario:- CANADA'S ONLY ADULT TOWN?

The appearance on the newsstands of two European Male Physique magazines, featuring complete nudes, hasn't caused any comment or action in this small community. Our opinion is that it is refreshing to know that there are Canadian communities MATURE enough to accept this innovation.

A-PROPOS

A Times Square bookseller in New York City was recently charged with selling a (purportedly) offensive magazine to the son of one Esther Kobe. The charge was dropped when it became obvious that the dealer, Martin Bloch, intended to fight this case to the Supreme Court of the United States. Another case of local authorities trying to impose censorship where there are no laws to back them up?

LIMA, Peru:- SOME SUMMER CAMP, AND WE DO MEAN CAMP.

More than 1,500 persons, many of them juvenile homosexuals, were arrested recently in a vice close-down in the red light district of Lima and the port of Callao. Those detained were being sent to penal colonies in the heart of the jungle.

SWEDEN: DR. STRANGELOVE, I PRESUME.....?

Dr. Lars Ullerston, a Swedish psychologist, has expressed surprise at the sensation his latest book has caused. Among other things, the doctor advocates brothels for homosexuals, pornographic movie theatres and travelling brothels, both homo and hetero, to visit mental institutions. Boys in puberty and poor clients would have reduced rates for these innovations. To enable the erotic minorities to enjoy life, Dr. Ullerston recommended setting up sexual contract bureaus run by trained personnel to bring together deviates of complimentary types and to arrange group activities for those whose tastes require them. In spite of the negative reaction to his book, the doctor stands by all the suggestions made in his book... except one. He took back one section where he suggests that some people might gladly bequeath their bodies to necrophiles (people who prefer sex with dead bodies).

contd... from page 4

If you read the clipping carefully, you will note that the Globe does not make clear just WHO reports that the Metro Police are worried. May we suggest that they have little cause for concern regarding the clubs while the activity at the Y's, steam baths and a few other places goes unattended.



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HALLOWEEN IN TORONTO
or A Night with the Bitches

A CASE OF GROSS INDECENCY
The Anatomy of a Court Case

CHILDREN IN ART
Drawings by Arnold Meyers

two

